

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1910.

No. 27.

Note and Comment

Mr. Sifton and Mr. Mitchell have reason to be well satisfied with the results in Vermilion and Medicine Hat on Wednesday. Neither constituency has such a record that either party can at any time lay claim to it with certainty, so that the new Premier and his cabinet are off to a first-class start. Mr. Sifton has all the qualities which make for successful leadership and his tenure of office stands every chance of being a long and noteworthy one. In view of the seriousness of the split in the Liberal ranks and the very active campaign which the Conservative organization conducted, the showing which the ministers made on Wednesday was remarkable.

It is a pleasure to note how many Alberta towns and villages are celebrating Dominion Day and doing so with a heartiness, which is deplorably lacking in most parts of the East. The 24th of May has always overshadowed the other holiday to too great an extent. One should be considered of quite as much importance as the other. The former serves to stimulate imperial and the latter national sentiment. We cannot afford to sacrifice either. Our ideal must be a nation within the Empire. That those who have come to us recently from other than British lands should pay more attention to Dominion Day is natural. It is to the country itself, in which they have found happiness and prosperity, that they first become attached. Imperial patriotism develops later, but we make a great mistake if we expect too much from them all at once in this connection.

The New York Post tells of a case which is not without interest to us in this part of the world. There had passed through that city a few days before a former resident of Kansas City who, unlike most Americans, decided that he would not die in harness. He had made enough money some ten years ago to supply his wants, and the mere piling up of more dollars had no interest for him. So he turned over his business to younger men and sought to enjoy quietly the remainder of his years. What was the result? This typical Westerner, who had literally grown up with Kansas City, found himself ere long a permanent resident of the capital of a foreign country. No snobbishness took him to London, however, and no desire to force his way into foreign society. Unlike some extremely rich Americans who had preceded him to the other side, he was in no wise dissatisfied with being an American, or convinced that England is a better country than that in which he "made his pile."

Why, then, does he reside in London? The question was put to him by a reporter who plainly could not conceal his amazement that anybody would live in London who might live in Kansas City. We give the answer precisely as the reporter printed it:

"Well, there is no place in America for a man out of a job. Over there you will find more people in the same position and you can associate with them. Here, after I go in and shake hands with my friends, they wonder how soon I am going to leave, so that they can get back to work. Every Englishman, no

matter to what class he belongs, gets to a certain point where he stops work."

"There it is, in a nutshell," declares the Post, "it is the unutterable loneliness of the American with leisure on his hands which has made this man turn his back on Kansas City, its heights, its river, its cattle yards, and its turreted homes. He could not spend the whole day watering his lawn or watching the trains come into that horrible Kansas City pigsty misnamed a station, or driving an automobile, or in waiting for his friends to come back from work in the rush-hour trolleys. We are inclined to think, too, that, in addition to his loneliness, a sort of social stigma helped to drive him to another clime. It is still felt in many communities that there must be something wrong with one who will not earn money when he can. A man of leisure, it is instinctively understood, must turn to the Devil for aid in passing his time; as a matter of course, he is also a "man about town."

"A leisure class, indeed, whatever the age of its

felt. It is a first-class place to be busy in, but the few fortunates or unfortunates, according to your viewpoint, who have time to spare are apt to grow tired of it and go elsewhere. Yet if they are the right sort, there should be a multitude of public activities open to them. Time eventually hangs heavy on a person's hands anywhere unless he is trying to do something more than pass it away.

The cry still goes up from the greater part of the west for more rain, though conditions in no part of Canada are anything like so bad as across the border. The Duluth Herald's estimate of the South Dakota wheat crop is sixty-eight to seventy per cent, as compared with the government estimate of June 1st of ninety-two per cent. In Minnesota the estimate shows deterioration of eight to ten per cent, with greatest loss in western counties. The situation in that state is generally conceded to be the worst in many years. As was to be expected, the

would hardly be out of the way when his chief is paying the first purely political visit that the West has ever received from him. On the other trips that Sir Wilfrid has made to this part of the Dominion he has come in an official capacity. He accompanied the Duke of York, now King George, in 1901 and in 1905 was with Earl Grey when Alberta and Saskatchewan took on the dignity of provinces. Now, however, we shall see him in the war-paint of a party leader.

The case of Alberta against the C. P. R., which is to come before the judicial committee of the Privy Council in London on Tuesday next, is one big with consequences not only to our own province, but to the west as a whole. Mr. S. B. Woods, the late Deputy Attorney General, has in association with him Sir Edward Carson, former Solicitor General of Great Britain and one of the great lawyers of the old land. The case has been most carefully prepared and those who are in touch with it are full of hopefulness. If their confidence is justified, it will mean a new era for the country out of the development of which the C. P. R. has been able to make itself the rich and powerful corporation that it is. Each one of us would benefit to an enormous extent if it could be forced, to pay its just share of the taxation burdens of the present and the future.

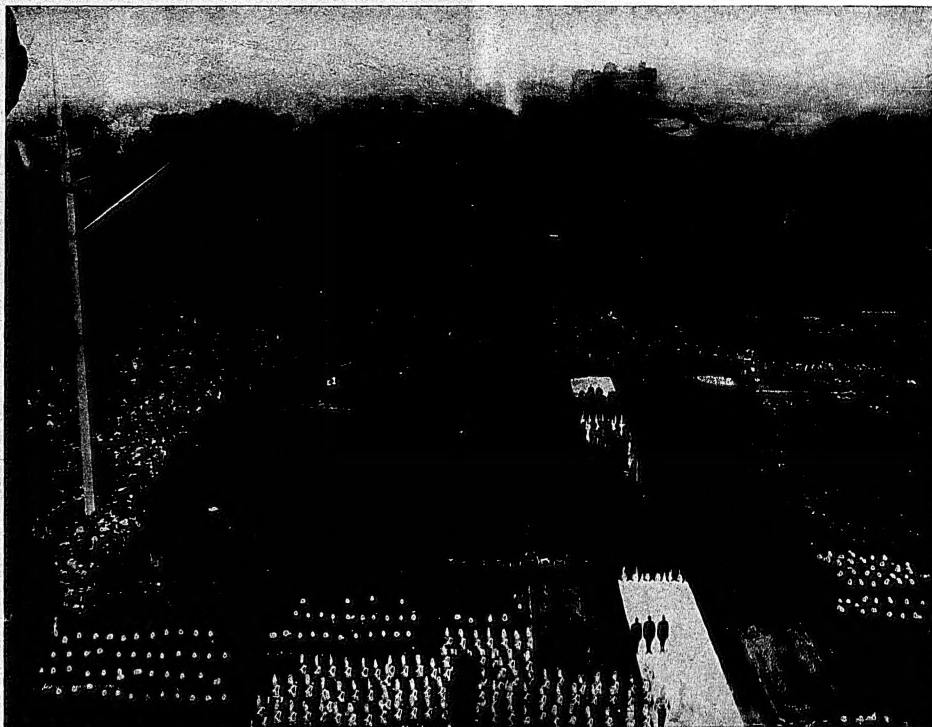
The circumstances which have given rise to the litigation most people are familiar with. According to the bargain made with the Dominion Government in 1881, C. P. R. land was to be exempt from taxation for twenty years. In 1901 the railway set up the claim that this exemption dated, not only from the time of the grant, but from that when the company received the patent. Several actions were tried and the company's contention was upheld. But when the Alberta Government came into existence, it was not content to let matters stand. First of all it discovered that the C. P. R. branch lines could be taxed, and, while under the old territorial administration these escaped, they are now paying \$60,000 a year into the provincial treasury. Then the department of the Attorney General turned its attention to this question of land exemption. It was in May, 1908, that Hon. Mr. Cross made this announcement at Calgary. "The government," he said, "believes there are contentions to be made which have never been presented in any court of justice and we propose to start a fresh action. We will take it to the Privy Council in England if necessary and have the matter decided once and for all. It is a very important matter, because it means thousands of dollars in taxes to the province."

"This is the action which the final court of appeal for the Empire is now being called upon to decide.

Some interesting comparisons are being made between Roosevelt and Grant. The latter, after his retirement from the presidency, made a tour of Europe and was given a reception which was quite the equal in heartiness to that which has been accorded the apostle of the strenuous. After he had finished up with the European capitals, a U. S. man-of-war was dispatched to convey him to Egypt, Palestine, India, China and Japan, the return home being made by way of San Francisco. This, with the changes in conditions of travel that have taken

(Continued on page six.)

A RECORD FOR CANADA



At the service held in front of the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on the day of the King's funeral service, what is said to have been the largest number of people ever massed together in Canada, assembled to participate. The picture gives an idea of the crowd.

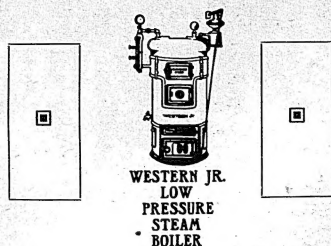
members, is not altogether an evil. Perhaps the men in it will help to redeem their sex from the old slur that only women keep alive in America the finer side of life. Then, again, as a background, or as companions for men like our Kansas City friend, a professional leisure class will serve a humane purpose. We confess, of course, to sharing the old-fashioned American prejudice against the rich idler. That prejudice is as wholesome and as needed in New York as Kansas City. Our ideal leisure class, in fact, would be one to share its leisure generously with the public; to run our hospitals, raise the money for our charities, supervise our educational institutions, and be faithful watchdogs on guard over our public officials, in city clubs, or civic leagues and our multifarious associations for the betterment of Tammany Hall. The only objection we can see to this kind of leisure class is the frivolous one that if it did as we wished and gave of itself to the public service, it would soon have no leisure at all."

We are not seriously up against this problem in Western Canada as yet, but it is beginning to be

markets have seen some sensational jumps, wheat going over the dollar mark during the past week.

The part of Alberta north of Calgary still stands out in marked contrast to the rest of the country. Splendid rains fell the first of the week, but apparently neither Southern Alberta nor the two provinces to the east benefited. A greater rainfall was reported on Monday and Tuesday of this week by the Edmonton weather station than that at Nanton has been able to report for the whole of May and June.

The reports are persistent that Hon. Frank Oliver is to go to the railway commission. In view of the fact that the Minister of the Interior is buried in the wilds of the north and expects to be for a considerable period, no definite confirmation or denial is available. That he will be in Edmonton to assist in the reception to Sir Wilfrid Laurier is, with the speediest progress through the country that he is travelling, practically an impossibility and wisecrackers see in this something to give the rumors in question decided color as they argue that if the leader of Western Liberals were to remain in that part he



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E. NEWS

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Five.)

Women's Press Club, but there are numerous occasions on which the various local branches meet, for tea, and exchange tidings regarding the work being done by outside members, or when some visiting member or distinguished stranger comes to town, and becomes the guest of the club. Every local branch can tell of several such happy gatherings, when some clever man or woman, from being the entertained, became entertainer, bringing with them new ideas, new outlooks, and new interest in life. Naturally journalists are most eagerly sought out for these festivities, but on the other hand no man or woman who has followed up original lines of thought or work in other professions, is taboed.

The Toronto meeting mainly consisted of a smart little luncheon followed by a number of exceedingly clever speeches. Of the first it may be said that every smallest arrangement was perfect, the table being laden with choicest flowers, and the menu such as to tempt the most jaded appetite. And then was not Mrs. Snider, "Happiness" to her friends, the presiding genius of the feast? A girl with sunshine in her face, and a happy gift of expression, invaluable on such an occasion? Had we not present too "Kit" the little Tin Goddess of us all, without whom no press gathering, to me at least, would ever be complete; and whose entrance was the signal for a perfect ovation? How the younger women crowded around her! And how wonderfully young and altogether charming she looked, with her halo of red-gold hair and her great tragic brown eyes, so suggestive of Jane Hading's, and of tears never far from the brim. I think I have never seen eyes that so resembled a soul as "Kit's" resemble hers. A certain wistful wonder look first strikes you, and then you go on and on, and on, down to the depths of things, to come back to the old questioning expression of the "why" of life.

At home I have a page of illustrated "eyes." At one time it was a fad for great artists to paint them, and have them framed as we do a miniature. Give me Kit's eyes, all the rest of her left out, I could have made you a story, very like the real woman—but she'll be beating me for this dissertation, and so I hasten to add, that also present were four men to add to the hilarity of the feast. The One and Only "George" Ham, Mr. Willison, of the News, Mr. J. F. MacKay, of the Globe, and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, but lately returned from accompanying Theo Roosevelt on his travels.

All four made as sparkling after-dinner efforts as I remember having heard. Mr. Ham was what one expects of him, fatherly, witty and tender. His reference to the death of brilliant Françoise Barry of Montreal, one of the best of us, left few with dry eyes. Mr. Willison was scholarly, whimsical and a little naive, concluding with the remark once made by Goldwin Smith, that he "expected to live to see the end of the horse, woman, and something else I have forgotten."

"But," added the more chivalrous Mr. Willison, "when woman goes I want to go too," proving that he hasn't found even the women associated with him on the press too bad company. Indeed, both he and Mr. McKay paid just tribute to their work and the service they rendered their papers, and Mr. McKay in concluding said that on the next trip of the Canadian Press Association, he hoped that the Women's Press Club would accompany them.

Smart, clever speeches were also made by Miss Jean Graham, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, and Miss Cora Hind of Winnipeg, after which the election of officers was proceeded with, last year's very popular president, Miss MacMurchy, being again returned to office, with Mrs. C. P. Walker of Winnipeg, Honorary President, Miss Katherine Hughes, of Edmonton, Historian, etc., etc.

In the evening the managers of the "Royal Alexandra," presented complimentary tickets to all the women journalists present, so concluding a thoroughly delightful day.

For many personal kindnesses, I have to tender my hearty thanks to the Toronto branch. During my brief stay they did everything in their power to make things pleasant, and I carry away with me very happy impressions of a quiet little luncheon at the charming Woman's Club, and of many proffered entertainments, stern business engagements compelled me to refuse.

Mr. John Somerville Jr., who has not been feeling quite as well as his friends would like to see him at large, left on Wednesday to take a long summer holiday in Muskoka.

Miss Eleanor Taylor is giving a young person's dance on (this) Thursday evening in honor of Miss Jessie Lynch of Winnipeg.

Miss Jessie Lynch arrived early in the week to visit her sister, Mrs. Vernon Barford, who had a merry tea in her honor on Wednesday.

Mr. Mowat Biggar who underwent an operation in Toronto recently for

appendicitis, is making a fine recovery. On July 8th he and Mrs. Biggar leave for a trip to England and the continent.

I have had a card from Mrs. W. D. Ferris from Paris, telling of the delights of that fascinating city, and of several rare treats she and other Edmonton people have been enjoying in the way of grand opera and so on.

On the train coming home, I read the unspeakably sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. A. A. Archibald on Monday last. Those of us who knew the story of her brief but happy married life, who had seen her but just lately settled in her pretty new home, looking forward to what then looked like a long and useful life, must sorrow and sympathize very deeply with her young and heart-broken husband. I have not the gift of adequately expressing my feelings on such an occasion as this, but I know that I shall often miss Mrs. Archibald's bright and cheery smile at many of the gatherings in the future, and that her loss to many friends she has made in town will be a very real one.

Miss Geach, who has had classes for girls in the Macdonald block, since January last, is opening a Kindergarten in September and has engaged a trained teacher from Ottawa to take that branch. Miss Geach is leaving for the coast on the 5th, but will return to Edmonton in August.

The marriage took place in St. John's church, Vancouver, on Wednesday of Mr. William Watt Harvey and Miss Nellie Barker, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. J. MacGillivray. The church was prettily decorated for the event with cut flowers, potted plants and greenery, and a number of friends were present to witness the ceremony. The bride who was given away by her father, Mr. W. H. Barker, wore a handsome white satin gown trimmed with rose point lace and richly embroidered. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Barker who wore pale pink silk, with an overdress of nixon de soie and a large white hat trimmed with roses and plumes. Mr. Harvey, Cockshutt, of Regina, was best man. A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, after which the bride and groom left to spend their honeymoon in the mountains. Mr. Harvey has many friends in Edmonton, having been in business here for a considerable period, a few years ago.

The marriage of Miss Ida Clay Sheppard, daughter of Mr. Rice Sheppard, of Strathcona to Mr. H. G. Turner, of Edmonton, took place Monday morning at All Saints' Church, Ven. Archdeacon Gray officiating. The bride was gown in a smart travelling costume of natural tussore silk. She was attended by her sister while the groom was assisted by Mr. T. H. Griffiths. Messrs. H. W. Watts and Vernon Barford played the wedding marches the former rendering the Lohengrin, while Mr. Barford played the Mendelssohn.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner are spending their honeymoon at Gull Lake.

The groom has for several years been a well-known figure in local musical circles and has given genuine delight to all who have heard him at public and private gatherings. Both he and his pretty young bride have made a host of friends for themselves who will join in extending best wishes.

Among the out-of-town guests at the Somerville-Ghiselin wedding, were Mrs. Herr, of Seattle, who is visiting Mrs. J. E. Wallbridge, Miss Jessie Lynch, of Winnipeg, Miss Claire and Miss Anna Oliver, of Ottawa, and Mr. George Close, of Calgary.

Dr. and Mrs. Barrow are rejoicing over the arrival of another wee daughter, who, if she grows up to be half as charming and attractive as her sister, will add another beautiful girl to the list of the Captain's belle-doms.

On Thursday afternoon the local women journalists are having a little good-bye tea-party at the "Cosie Corner," for Miss Gertrude Seton Thompson, one of their number, who leaves on Friday, much regretted, to re-join her people at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Miss Seton Thompson has done some good social work for her paper "The Bulletin" for a year and more back, as well as writing some special articles and stories for out-of-town publications. She has, in addition, been attached to the government service, in the department, of the Attorney-General, so leaves a field of many-sided usefulness to, at least for a season, become a lady of leisure.

Will every person please accept the love and greetings of everyone they know in the east. Every place I left, I saddled myself with the responsibility of delivering a further supply, until when I was finally on board en route home, I was expecting every moment to have the conductor charge me extra rates for excess luggage. Absence, you can't tell me, makes the heart grow any less fond. Had I been doing collecting work of a "love" agency, I should have returned a mil-

lionaire many times over. If, by any oversight, some one doesn't get the share they imagine themselves entitled to, it's because some of the nice men who charged me with their commissions were too, too attractive for my susceptible heart.

Mrs. Tom Anderson, of Ottawa, the wife of Colonel Anderson, and her young daughter, are visiting Mrs. Braithwaite.

I hear that there were a number of jolly little parties last week in honor of Mrs. Jack Morris of Vancouver, who, by the way, returned home at the end of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barford, and their family, and Miss Jessie Lynch leave for their cottage at Gull Lake on Tuesday.

Miss Claire Oliver leaves the end of this month for her home in Ottawa to prepare for her marriage in the early autumn.

Drop in to lunch in McConkey's, Toronto, and I'll lay a wager you will run across any missing friend you can mention. I saw Mrs. D. W. Macdonald and Miss Sowden there the day they landed in Toronto, when they announced what a lovely trip they had had on the boat from Fort William to Owen Sound, delightful captain, glorious weather, nice-looking passengers, etc., etc.

PEGGY.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One.)

place in thirty years, attracted much more attention than has the tour of Mr. Roosevelt. On General Grant's teaching home, he was given a most enthusiastic reception. A boom for a third nomination was started, but before the Republican convention of 1880 was held, the managers of his campaign abandoned the attempt. Will history repeat itself? Grant was a greater national hero than Roosevelt. He was regarded as having saved the union. On the other hand he had not the instinct for politics that Mr. Taft's predecessor has. Much happened under his two administrations to bring his party into disrepute and his glory as a soldier was undoubtedly dimmed by his inadequacy as a statesman.

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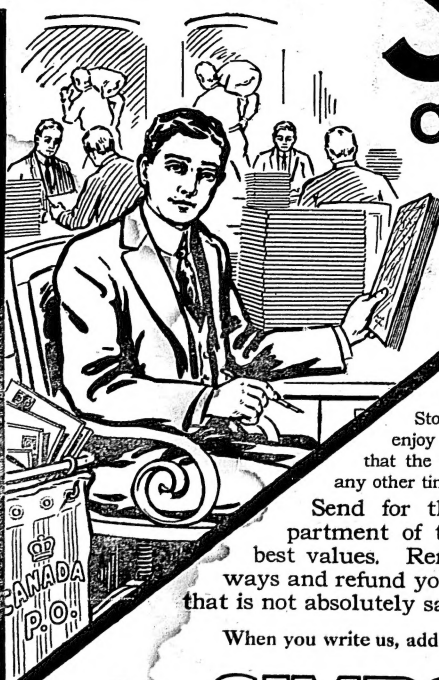
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Subscription \$1.50 per year
Education and United States points \$2.00
Advertising Rates on application

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REVISITED

Today for me there is no busy street,
There is no blatant highway
through the town;
And, where a boy once stood, again
look down
A narrow, winding path that leads
the way
Back to the charms of boyhood's holi-
day.

I know, I know, its every bend and
turn,
Past wood and swamp, and upland,
glen and hill;
And with the old delight my eyes
discern
The waysides burgeoning and
nodding still;
And sweets I could not number,
though I stay
To give them greeting through the
summer day.

Today for me there are the meadow
sounds,
The color and the joy of field and
flower;
I have outrun a yearning exile's
bound,
And, in the revel of a truant hour,
Fare back, to gather, not the old re-
grets,
But hope's arbutus and joy's violets.

There is a little brook beside the
path,
Just as it ever was; and there's the
stille;
And there's the acre whose abun-
dant hath
Such brave repute for many a gos-
sip's mile.

And, yonder, with its windows all
aglow,
A gambrel roof-tree that I used to
know.

There was a truant boy. Ah, well,
today,
Another truant leaves the world
behind;
And stopping never once to ask the
way,
Harks back along the weary years,
to find
The old-time lure of valley and of
hill
Haunting the unforgotten byways
still.

I have just had one of the most
delightful experiences of my life. I
have been "home," after a five year's
absence, and found that Time who
moves so quickly with us in the West,
in this dear old town sits still. I am
remembered by every butcher's boy
by every child and cravable resident
in the place. My beautiful Wood-
stock is as I left it, only more lovely
and picturesque. Not a new store has
reared its head on the Main street,
hardly a new house has been erected
to challenge my old-time knowledge
of its geography. I cannot tell you
what a joy the experience has been to
me, as week, as I wrote you, I had
prepared myself for an entirely dif-
ferent state of affairs. "I won't bank
too much on this visit," I kept telling
myself. "Of course people will have
practically forgotten my existence"
But no, I might have left it yester-
day, so little change in people and af-
fairs is apparent.

I think there is no lovelier spot in
all Canada than this old English set-
tlement. I cannot tell you just how
old it is, but very many years ago it
was settled by a little colony of Eng-
lish gentlemen. An Admiral, Van Sit-
tart by name, a Squire, "Squire Inger-
soll," but what matter the names so
that you know that they were "proper
gentry" bringing to this then new
Canada, the love of the beautiful and
the ways and customs of their homes
in far-away England. So it was that
Woodstock, beautiful by nature, be-
came a favorite rendezvous for men
of means and taste; so under their di-
rection, sprang up glorious avenues
of trees, spacious homes, and a social
cachet attached to the town enjoyed
by few at that time in Ontario.

I have heard my old housekeeper,
herself a little maid-of-all-work at
"the Squire's," describe the glory of
those days. The parties, the grand
dinners, and the style kept up by these
courteous gentlemen. That was many
years ago. The Squire, and Admiral,
with most of the belles and beaux of
the period have long been gathered
to their fathers, leaving their roomy
comfortable houses to be occupied by
a new generation and their memories
to be kept green by quiet little slabs
in church and cemetery. Still, how-
ever, it seems, their spirit still lingers
about this little bit of England they
transplanted from the old land, until
I am persuaded, they might all troop
back again, and find it little altered.

Here is the old town hall with per-
haps a few extra rats to grace its
police-cells. Here is this house and
that; here Old Saint Paul's Church
and burial place, and so on. Such
new buildings as have grown up, did
so quietly, decently, as to cause no
stir or commotion. They talk a great
deal before they make a move in
Woodstock. So the old Tory spirit
survives.

After the West, it is like a Rip
Van Winkle awakening I had for-
gotten that Time could move in such
a well-bred fashion. No excitement,
no confusion; conditions accepted as
they are, with no looking forward, no
banking on any future. I suppose
that at one time I was equally con-
tented to live this life.

But having once "heard the West
a-calling I can't now 'eed nothing
else." Lovely as it is, I realize, as
never before, the grip of the great
open prairies, of the cocky little city
perched on the hub of a triple
line of railroads—"home" in the
new sense.

And yet the law of compensation
adjusts these things in wonderful
fashion. If much of the zest and hope
of the West is lacking—and that few
will dispute—has not the east an air
of comfort, contentment, and quiet
peaceful luxury, very delightful after
a more primitive state of things?
Everywhere I have been I have re-
velled in the great shady trees, the
beautiful old lawns, home-like houses,
and exquisite bits of country seen
from the car windows. With new
eyes I recognize the glory of it, and
yet I wouldn't change it for that other
"home" for all the money you could
offer me.

Referring to the aforesaid root of
all evil, reminds me of a little incident
that occurred in Woodstock which I
must tell you of.

When I got off the train, forgetting
cab rates out West, I boldly hailed the
nearest vehicle, and told the man to
drive me to a certain office. There it
remained twenty minutes or more,
then called on some friends, and after
that went on to the house where I was
to visit. Descending I inquired the
fare, to hear in apologetic fashion,
"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents?" I almost shrieked, im-
mediately to get the explanation,
"Well, you know you were nearly the
hour."

Wasn't it delicious? I was count-
ing on about three dollars.

In Toronto we have had sizzling
weather this week, quite too severe to
endure much moving about in. Every-
where one hears of the terrible heat
they are having out West, but I for
one, can't believe it could hold a can-
dle to this. In Eaton's this morning
people moved along the aisles like a
drove of bewildered sheep. There is a
regular Eaton expression—a sort of
"get-there-if-you-can" look. I think
everyone in Toronto must pass
through that store at least once a day.
Shopping there has become an insti-
tution.

But it is the old familiar street
scenes and calls I am enjoying most.

The "strawberry ripe" man, calling his
fresh Oakville berries. His brother
who cries "fresh fish, all alive," or
some such jargon. The waffle wagon,
with its toothsome cakes, made be-
fore your eyes. The street piano with
its catchy jingles. By their aid five
years has slipped away in a trice, and
I can return at will to the incidents
of those faraway days.

There are some innovations in To-
ronto not to my liking. Two I note
at the moment, the poor, despera-
te-looking muzzed-bow-wows, and un-
der-takers' signs everywhere you look,
on the doors of their houses.

Toronto is going ahead at a tre-
mendous rate. From a business point
of view this is excellent but getting
about, and socially, it presents diffi-
culties. What strikes one most is
the air of prosperity everyone wears,
from their spacious, well-kept-up
homes, to their motors and liveried
carriages. In a place of this size, the
race to get ahead of the other man
assumes a life and death struggle, and
if what I hear is true, a great many
keep up appearances entirely at their
creditors' expense.

One thing I like about the newer
Toronto, that is the absence of filthy,
unsightly and unsanitary lanes. The
idea of doing away with these, and
having instead a scavenging service
that calls for the refuse bi-weekly,
when it is collected, after dusk, the
cans being put out along the roadway,
is one that must commend itself to
every thoughtful person. So are
wholesome places left for children to
play. So are places of rendezvous for
rough fellows done away with, and so
is insured an orderly, well-kept city
I cannot help thinking how vastly
more attractive we could make Ed-
monton if each one of us set as
seriously as each householder in To-
ronto apparently does, to make our
homes and grounds beautiful. In in-
dividual effort, I can plainly see, lies
the secret of a City Beautiful. Build-
ing as we are today, the city of the
future, we would do well to take the
lesson of Toronto's methods in this
regard well to heart.

Tomorrow the Women's Press Club
meets in the King Edward Hotel,
where a luncheon has been arranged
and the annual meeting takes place.
Of it I hope to tell you when I arrive
at home, which D.V. will be next
week.

MONARCHISM REDIVIVUS IN FRANCE

(London Daily Chronicle)

Monarchism is lifting its head again
in France. In spite of the republic,
another king has been created. This
time, however, it is a king of potatoes
and not a king of people who has been
acclaimed. It all arose from a com-
petition as to what chef could best fry
the potato to a turn. Forty-five flat-
topped stoves were on the scene of
the contest. At each of which stood
a chef armed with a frying-pan and
the necessary materials. A judge
stood in the centre, watch in hand,
and from the word "go" to the com-
mand "take off pans," the air was re-
dolent of sizzling potatoes and broil-
ing butter. The members of the jury
next made a procession of the pans,
tasting from each and making notes.
And then the climax; M. Charles was
declared winner, the band played the
proclaimed M. Charles the "Fried Po-
tato King" handed him a purse of
silver and a medal, and "kissed him
on both cheeks."



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"I HONESTLY BELIEVE 'FRUIT-A-TIVES'"

The Greatest Cure For Rheumatism In The World"

KNOWLTON, QUE., Oct. 12th, 1909.

"For many years, I suffered from severe Rheumatism, and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work. I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from the disease.

I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has entirely cured me and I honestly believe it is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world."

E. H. MILLS.

Such a statement could not be bought from a man like Mr. Mills. He thinks too much of his good name, to sell it or sign it to an untruth. Mr. Mills tried "Fruit-a-tives" after all other treatment failed—and "Fruit-a-tives" cured him of Rheumatism. In the goodness of his heart, he wrote the above letter in order that sufferers in all parts of Canada would know that there is one remedy that actually does cure Rheumatism. This testimonial was entirely unsolicited on our part. We did not know that Mr. Mills was taking "Fruit-a-tives" until we received the above letter.

It is a case like Mr. Mills' that proves the marvellous powers of "Fruit-a-tives" in arresting and curing disease. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that "Fruit-a-tives" will positively cure Rheumatism when properly used.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices and is the greatest Rheumatism cure known to modern science.

Box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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THE LOUNGER
THE LOST CAR

(Louis Schneider, in Judge's Library)
Lying one day 'neath the auto,
Swearing and soaked with oil,
I worked at a cranky engine,
And my only reward was the toil.

I know not what I was saying,
As I tinkered and wrenched and
tore;
I doubt not 'twas something quite
savage—
It may be I even swore.

My patience gave out at that engine;
With the spanner I gave it a thump
That jarred loose some thingam-dinkus
And started it up at a jump.

Before one could twinkle an eyelid—
Before there was time for surprise—
That car tore away down the high-
way.

And I lay glaring up at the skies.
I sprang up, and madly I followed,
But soon gave it up in disgust,
For that runaway car quickly van-
ished.

In a thick, swirling cyclone of dust.
I sought it in byways and hedges,
In highways and busy street,
And, though I made thorough in-
quiries,
With never a trace did I meet.

Perhaps in some future existence,
In worlds far beyond mortal ken,
I shall once more make search for
that auto,
But I doubt if I find it then.

News comes from the Crow's Nest
of shocking dissipation on the
part of two young men. The Blairmore
Enterprise says: J. D. S. Barrett,
of the Coleman Miner, and Alex. Mc
Lean, of Coleman, were in town on
Tuesday night for a "biff" of fresh
air.

An interesting story comes from
the Wisconsin town bearing the eu-
phonic name of Waukesha.

A mineral water concern out there,
with a sinful desire to attract atten-
tion, posted a beautiful billboard pic-
ture of a lady who really, to put it
plainly, needed the earnest and instant
attention of a modiste.

The city council at once made a
demand that the lady either give an
order to her dressmaker or else get
outside the corporate limits of Wau-
kesha.

The president of the mineral water
company was cited to appear and
"show cause."

He did so.
He also showed that the lady of be-
witching smile and no clothes was
simply a photographic reproduction
borrowed from the Great Seal of the
city of Waukesha.

The Great Seal is hung in every
saloon that has a license and in places
not so lax, but nobody thought of
questioning the lady's modesty until
she began to boost mineral water.

A Toronto paper protests against
the dangerous practice of switching
searchlights on spooning canoeists for
the purpose of disturbing their dreams.
Let the canoeists spoon in peace, it
says, after pointing out the danger
of missing the lights.

Why is it that so many people find
it difficult to resist the temptation to
disturb a spooning couple? asks
another. It is as natural for young
people, when the conditions are favor-
able, to spoon, to hold hands, to
sing and to quote poetry, as it is to
eat or sleep or to live. There are
times in the life of everyone who
has really lived when it seems that
there is nothing else worth doing in
all the world. All the world, the poet
tells us, loves a lover. It is love, we
know, that makes the world go round.
There is scarcely to be found a spec-
imen of the human kind so hard and
barren that he has not some guarded
spot where is treasured up some re-
mant of an old love song, or some un-
faded memory of a loved one.
Why is it that the impulse to make
an ass of one's self becomes so strong

at the sight of a pair of lovers? We
try to convince ourselves that the
lovers are making donkeys of them-
selves; but we know all the time we
are lying to ourselves; and that it is
simply a case of sour grapes on our
part. That's it. Sour grapes. Only
the expression is scarcely strong
enough. It is downright selfishness,
hoggishness, Meanness, madness,
which will not allow another to enjoy
his happiness undisturbed.

When you see a couple spooning let
them spoon. They have a right to get
as much out of life as possible. Don't
be afraid that they will not get their
share of the hard knocks and the
cruel burdens, the heart-burnings and
the disappointments. Don't be grou-
chy; don't be mean; don't profess to
be too superior. People will accept
your grouchiness and your meanness
at its face value; but they will smile
incredulously at your airs of superior-
ity. Let the young people spoon. They
will probably never find anything
again in life to quite take the place
of the dreams they are dreaming and
the visions they are seeing, as they
hold hands or look into each other's
eyes.

The following advice is given to
bridge players:

With the years against you, never
venture a weak heart declaration un-
less you have diamonds enough to pull
you through.

Holding a commanding club, don't
hesitate to tell the cook it looks like
rain, if the soup justifies the declara-
tion.

If you hold a good heart, don't dis-
card it.

Never waste time attempting to fi-
nesse when your wife is obviously
leading up to a new broadcloth suit.

If you find an unguarded knave,
kick him and run.
If you are short of honors, never
mind—many an obscure man dies
rich.

A boy of twelve years of age, with
an air of melancholy resignation,
went to his teacher and handed in
the following note from his mother
before taking his seat: "Dear sir—
Please excuse James for not being
present yesterday. He played truant,
but you needn't whip him for it, as
he has been playing truant with, and
himself out, and he licked James; and
a man they threw stones at caught
him and licked him; and the driver of
a cart they hung on to licked him;
and the owner of a cat they caught
licked him. Then I licked him when
he came home, after which his father
licked him, and I had to give him
another for being impudent to me for
telling his father. So you need not
lick him until next time. He thinks
he will attend regularly in future."

It is a well known fact that theatri-
cal managers have no pity. Here is a
story—probably an untrue one, for
he is one of the kindest of men—
which is going the rounds about M.
Jules-Claretie, director of the The-
atre Francaise. It is related by M. A.
P. The actor, who was playing the
part of Nathan in Athalie, had the
misfortune to lose his father, and
sent a message to M. Claretie to say
that he could not play that evening.
There was no understudy in the the-
atre.

"Oh! surely he can be persuaded,"
said M. Claretie to the stage manager.
"We can't return the money. Go and
get him to play. Point out to him
that Nathan is quite a sad part."

"How do you feel," I asked the steel-
jack, "when you are working on
top of a high steeple?"
"How do I feel?" he repeated, a
murderous gleam shooting from his
sturdy eyes. "I feel that I should like
to look down and see the man who

Are you thinking of
purchasing a

DIAMOND?

If so it would be worth your
while to have a look over
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Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price

and fine quality

said, "There is always room on top,"
climbing up to prove his statement."

Here is an old but good story in a
new dress:
A reporter called on a rector to
ask him if he had accepted the bish-
opric that had been offered to him.
The servant said that her master could
not be seen. He was at prayer seeking
for guidance. Then could the reporter
see the rector's wife? "Oh, no!" said
the slavey, "you can't see her. She's
busy packing up."

THE LONG, LONG LANE

All through the summer night, down
the long lane in flower.

The moon-white lane,
All through the summer night—dim
as a shadow.

Filmer and fade the Twain:
(Over the crescent moon's "hobnob"; 't
hour by hour,
Young voices bloom and wane

Down the long lane they go, and pass
one window, pale

With visions silver-blue and
Stirring the heart that waits—the eyes
that fall

After a spring deferred—
Query, and hush, and Ah!—dim
through a moon-lit veil,
The same one word.

Down the long lane, entwined with
all the fragrance there—

The lane in flower somehow
With youth and plighted hands, and
star-strewn air,
And muted "Thee" and

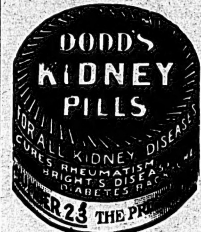
"thou";—
All the wild bloom and reach of
dreams that never were,
Never to be, now.

So in the throbbing dark where ebbs
the old refrain,
A starved heart hears,
And silver-bright, and silver-blurred
again,

With moonlight and with
tears,
All the long night they go, down the
long summer lane,
The long, long lane.

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in the
June Scribner.

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trial Fair at Winnipeg, Man., July
13th to 23rd, 1910, the Canadian Pa-
cific Railway will have in effect special
rates, limits, etc. Apply to nearest
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can be thoroughly freed from
dust in a few hours without
leaving the house. We have
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up and relay carpets which can
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No indigestion if you eat

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

On Tuesday at one o'clock, a large and fashionable gathering of intimate friends assembled at the lovely summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Sommerville on the brow of the hill at Sixth street, to witness the marriage of their fourth daughter, Miss Abby Sommerville, to Mr. Richard Lucius Ghiselin, of Edmonton.

Always a charming home, on Tuesday the hospitable house, under the expert fingers of Mr. Ramsey's floral decorator, became a bower of beauty, the entire lower suite of rooms being transformed into as near an imitation of a beautiful out-door chapel as quantities of plants and fragrant flowers could make it. In the drawing-room, roped off by white satin streamers, was a miniature chancel, the background of the altar-setting being the wide window hung in soft white draperies, over which ropes of fern trailed their fairy fronds. Over-hanging this, in the shape of a canopy, were great pots of fern, while over the bridal party, a great shower of white roses, ferns and tulle descended from pendant fern ropes. Everywhere were great palms, intermingled with ferns and huge bouquets of white carnations and roses; the mantelpiece being banked in a solid green and white floral display and adding a handsome note to the general effect.

Before this beautiful altar the fair young bride took her place, the wedding party coming down the broad staircase, and entering the room, to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison in splendid style, in the lower hall. The bride's father, Mr. John Sommerville Sr., gave his daughter away, and the maid of honor, Miss Dorothy Sommerville, was her sister's sole attendant. Mr. Wilfrid Ghiselin, of St. Louis, was his brother's best man, the best men were Mr. John Sommerville, Jr., and Mr. E. H. Clive Walker, of Edmonton. Dr. McQueen performed the solemn ceremony, during which Mrs. Harrison played some beautiful selections from "Faust," the dreamy music just suggesting part of the exquisite setting of the entire service.

Miss Sommerville was looking very sweet, happy and girlish in her bridal finery, the simply, but beautifully made robe of soft, pale satin, having as its sole decoration panels of filmy princess lace, and tiny satin balls. The yoke, in addition to being embroidered in seed pearls. Over her shoulders trailing in shimmering folds over the long train, was a wedding veil caught with a little crown of bride-wreath roses, edged with green moss. The shower bouquet, was of exquisite bride roses, and sprays of bride-wreath, tied with dozens of beaute satin bows and tulle.

Miss Dorothy Sommerville was also very smartly frocked, her gown being of white pina cloth with pale blue satin stripes, and ornamented with pale blue, silver and gold passementerie, a gold net yoke, and buckles in the same catching the tunic skirt and bodice. Her bouquet was of pink carnations and ferns, and she wore the groom's gift of tiny pale blue enamel and pearl bar pins.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Sommerville and the bride and groom held a reception, Mrs. Sommerville looking very sweet and gracious in a gown of rich black messaline, with dainty lace accessories. Mrs. Robert Mays, a sister of the bride, a radiant frock of brown silk, with a dashing and most becoming black picture hat, with yellow roses.

Miss Viva Sommerville was charmingly frocked in a quaint figured pink crepe silk, veiled in pink chiffon with a gold net yoke, and caught here and there with pink roses.

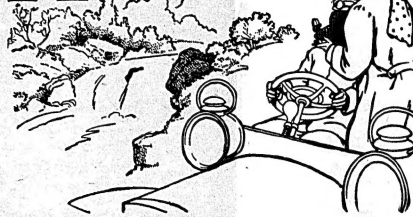
Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison was much admired in a fashionable gown of maroon shaded crepe, veiled with a figured rose tunic over-dress, and a figured hat of white chip straw, with some lovely roses.

Mrs. Frederic Jamieson, of Strathcona, who later presided over the wedding cake, was a picture in a gown of dull blue satin, with an ultra-smart large black hat, crowned with clusters of tiny grey-blue rosebuds.

Tremendously admired, and holding a tiny court all by themselves were the three lovely white-clad children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mays, two beautiful daughters and a stalwart son, who "wished there could be weddings every day" and they at them.

After the formal reception, the guests wandered all through the spacious rooms, "for to admire and for to see," and out on the pleasant verandah, wonderfully inviting with great cosy divans, chairs and cushions, and a vantage spot from which to view the exquisite valley below, and at the same time to be in the thick of the merriment.

In the dining room was set out the bride's table, a stunning arrangement of bride roses, and fern, a really lovely wedding-cake, and a white cake,

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For Dances, etc.

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Circus Animal Shows
Fireworks Sideshows

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L. E. W. Irving,
Vice-President.

A. G. Harrison,
Manager.